

Paraphrase on Micha. 6. 6, 7.

I.

WHerewith shall I approach this *awful Lord*,
What shall I bring,
What sacrifice
Will not so *great a deity* despise ;
Tell me you *lofty spirits* that fall down,
The nearest to his throne,
Oh tell me how,
Or wherewithal shall I before my own, and your
dread maker bow.
Will *Carmels verdant* top afford,
No equal offering,
Ten thousand rams, a bounteous offering 'tis,
When all the flocks upon a *thousand spacious hills* are his
Will *Streams of fragrant* oil his wrath controul ;

Or

42 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Or the more precious flood,
Of my first born's blood,
Compound for all my debts and make a full Attone-
ment for my Soul.

II.

If not *great God* what then dost thou require,
Or what wilt thou daign to accept from me,
All, that my own thou giv'st me leave to call,
I willingly again resign to thee.

My youth and all its blooming heat,
My muse and every raptur'd thought, to thee I dedicate,
(Tis fit the issues of that *sacred fire*,
Should to its own celestial orb retire)
And all my *darling vanities*,
For thee I'll sacrifice,
My *favourite lust* and all,
Among the rest promiscuously shall fall;
No more that *fond beloved sin* I'll spare,
Than the great Patriarck would have *done his heir*,
And this great God altho a worthless prize,
Is a sincere, intire, and early sacrifice.

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